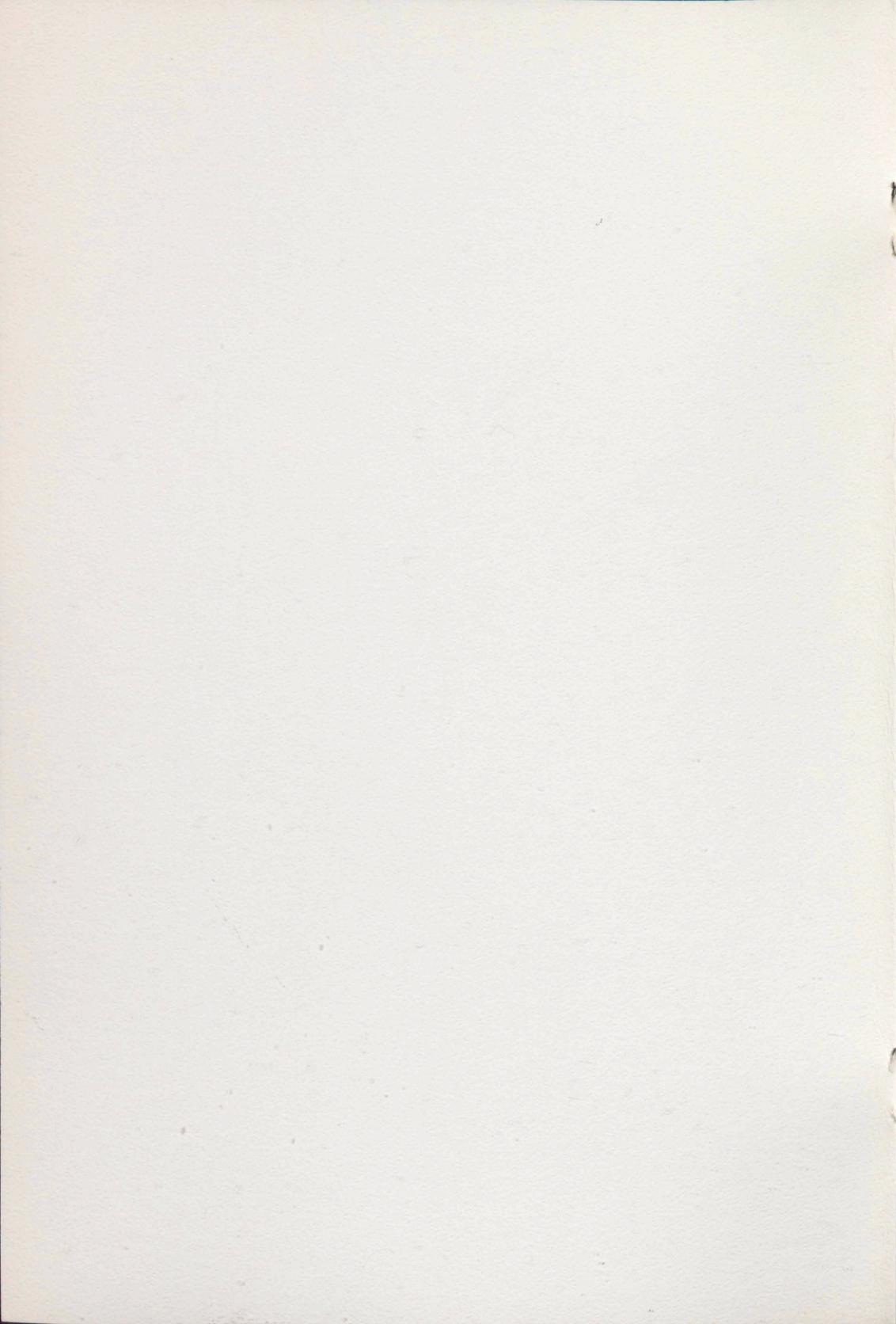


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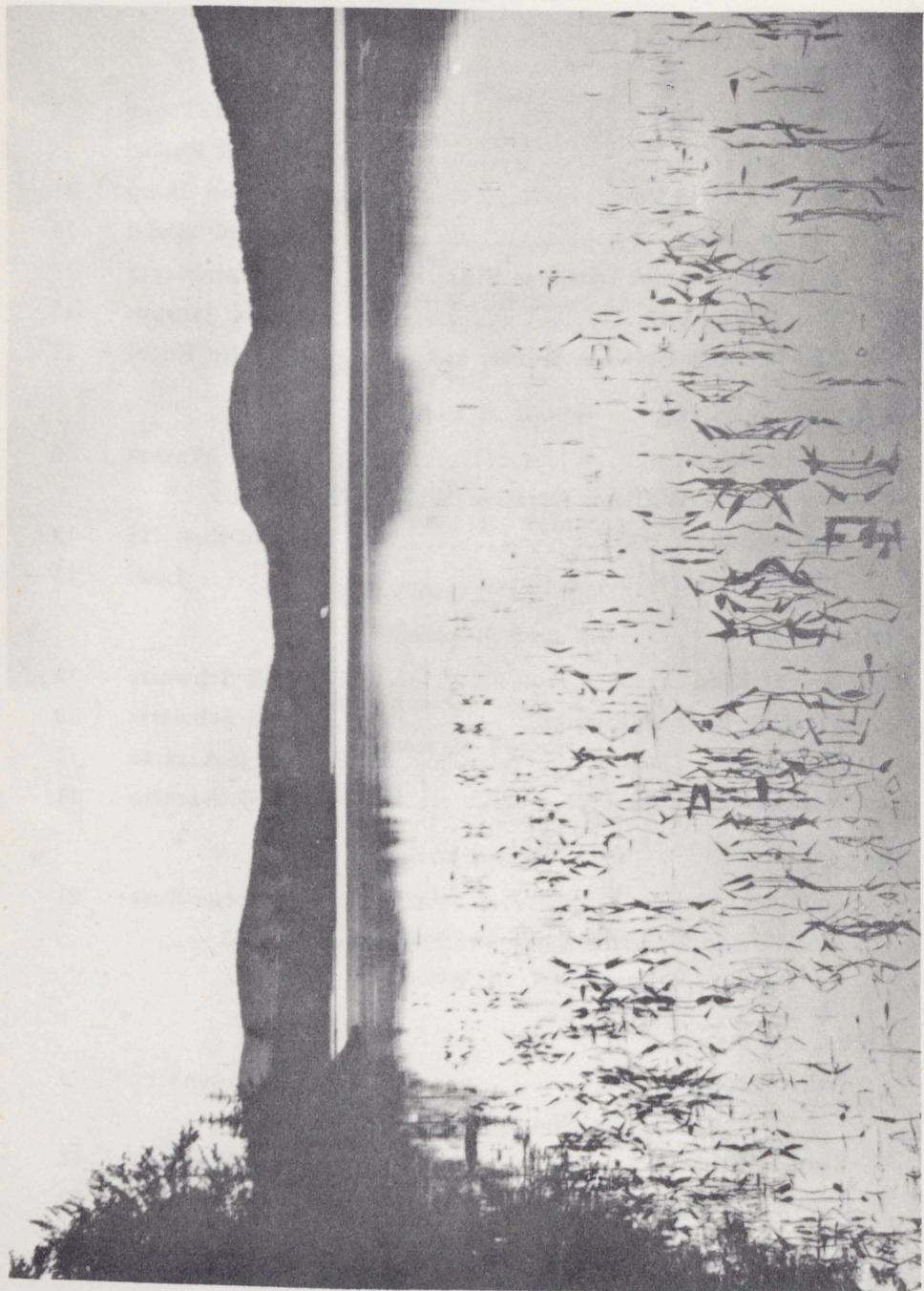
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Benidorm, 1963

*A light-streaming summer sun
Hanging hot overhead,
Heavy waves of heat
Sinking slowly downward
Through a warm sea of air
To rest
In layers
Upon fine, cream-colored crystals
Of sand.

Low grey hills
Brush-covered and bright in the distance,
And shimmering blue waters
Lapping gently,
Endlessly,
At the shore.

Beneath a ceiling of reflection above,
A waterless, weightless vacuum;
Schools of silver fish
Suspended over smooth sand
Drift effortlessly by,
Or graze
Like cattle
Among long-bladed grasses
Undulating soundlessly
In a timeless world.*

Russ McTague

Twilight

*A man
Serenely looks
Toward purple heavens as
The winds softly speed the coming
Of night.*

Richard Kachel

Flight

by David Watson

There was a sharp rap on the door of the small motel bathroom. "Listen, son," his father, Bob, said seriously, "we haven't got all day."

"Just a second, Dad," Dick replied. He glanced into the mirror before leaving. "Either I get a haircut soon," he thought, picking up the small brown case where he kept his tooth-brush, razor, and other morning articles, "or I'd better learn to play the violin." Even with his light blond hair, it was noticeable. The five of them had been on the road a long time—his mother and father, younger sister Joan, and Aunt Ruth, his father's sister—driving all the way from New Jersey to Oregon. Dick picked up his watch from the edge of the basin—5:00 A.M. They should reach Crater Lake just at about sunrise.

"Well, it took you long enough." His father was standing outside the door when he opened it. "You put the trunks in the car while I get ready."

"Sure, Dad." Squeezing past the short, wiry form of his father, standing in the narrow hall, Dick walked to his bed and packed the last bit of his stuff. Reaching for his jacket, and then picking up his suitcase, he headed for the door.

"Where are you going, Dick?" His mother, a heavy woman in her late fifties, was packing on the bed across the room from his.

"Dad told me to load the car."

"Well, your Aunt Ruth isn't ready yet. You know it takes her forever to dress, and you won't fit everything into the trunk if you don't put her bag in first. Why she had to bring such a big bag, I don't know." Aunt Ruth was in the next room. "She won't wear half the clothes she brought."

"I feel like going outside anyway, Mom. Just for some fresh air." A wall of cold surrounded him as he pushed open the door and stepped out into the dark. God . . . there was ice all over the car . . . in the middle of August . . . this would be something to remember. Walking around to the rear of the car, he put down his suitcase and reached into his pocket. "Damn, I forgot the keys." It really was cold. The stars glared down from the black crystal sky. Leaning against the car, he decided to wait out there until everyone else was ready . . .

"Jesus H! What are you doing?"

"Nothing, Dad." His father had stuck his head out of the half open door.

"Well, then, come in here and help." The frost from his breath lingered on the air for a few seconds after he had pulled his head back inside.

Coming in, Dick saw the bags lined up neatly at the foot of one of the beds. His father gave him a stern look, then returned to the road map he was examining. Meanwhile, Aunt Ruth had emerged from the adjoining single room where she had spent the night. She plopped herself down on the nearest bed, a cigarette—she always had a cigarette—in her thin mouth. "Oh . . ." she groaned, "I need some coffee. I just can't do a thing without my coffee."

"We'll stop for coffee on the way, Ruth" his mother said quietly.

Aunt Ruth made no reply, but sat there, with the pained expression of a martyr. Ruth was younger than Dick's mother by a few years, but she looked a lot older. She always wore slacks—turquoise for that day

— and some kind of a crazy shirt — this time something that looked like it had been used to mop up the floor of a fruit market.

"Take the bags out, will you, son. I have to look at this map."

"It's awful cold out Dad. Maybe you'd better wear an overcoat with your jacket."

"Just do as I say, and mind your own business. Never mind me. I've managed to take care of myself for over fifty years, and I don't need you to tell me what to do."

"Oh, Bob," Dick's mother said, "he was only thinking of you. Try not to be so grouchy. I guess we're all still a little tired."

"Listen, Mary, I'm **not** tired . . ."

Before he could continue, Joan came out of the bathroom. "Can I help?" Joan, who was 16, was three years younger than her brother Dick.

"Sure, Joan, help me take these bags out." Picking up the keys from a small table and grabbing two bags, he pushed his way out the door, while Joan, putting on her coat, soon followed, struggling with the last two.

"Just put them down over here," he said. "You go back inside. It's cold."

After jamming the suitcases into the trunk, he started the car to warm up the engine, and then proceeded to scrape the ice off the windows.

The rest of the family wandered out one at a time, but made a dash for the car as soon as the cold hit them.

"Hurry up, Joan," croaked Aunt Ruth, waiting to push her way into the back seat after Joan, "it's freezing out here."

Dick waited outside until everyone but his father had gotten into the car.

"Shall I drive, or you?" asked Dick, as Bob shut the door of the

room and slowly walked to the car, after having made sure they'd forgotten nothing.

"You drive, Dick. I need a little rest."

Both climbed into the front seat and shut the doors. Dick backed the car away from the curb, and then headed for highway 97. There still wasn't a glimmer of light in the sky. The highway was deserted, as Dick pulled out and away from the motel. It was quickly swallowed up by the blackness.

"Find some place where we can get coffee, ok, Dick?" Ruth spoke very quietly, thinking perhaps that the soft approach was best for now.

"We'll be to the Lake before any places are open, Aunt Ruth. We can have breakfast at the lodge there," Dick said.

"Will you please forget about your coffee for a second?" Bob added.

"Well, what am I supposed to do!"

Dick couldn't resist. "Suffer," he answered simply. Joan started to laugh.

"There, Bob! I told you your children don't have any respect for me. I don't think I should have to take that from them."

"Dick, that wasn't nice," said his mother. "Apologize to your aunt."

"I'm sorry," he replied, trying to sound as sincere as he could.

"Keep your mouth shut, Dick. And you, too, Joan. The both of you just leave your aunt alone." There was silence for a while.

They were traveling almost directly south, and Dick noticed the first pale rose stain of light as it started to spread its way across the deep black-purple sky. It was still rather dark, but now he could at least see what was around him. The road cut through a thick evergreen forest.

Now and then he saw the glow of some animal's eyes in the headlights as it scurried across the road or remained motionless at the edge of the woods. Some of the fainter stars began to melt away into the warm, pink glow. The forest, at first visible only as a ragged black wall silhouetted against the lightening sky, began to take on detail. The rough bark of thick trunks, a blend of brown and red, showed a diamond-like pattern, while sharp needles in clusters projected from the branches.

" . . . and I tell you they're big, Ruth." His father's cross words snapped his mind back into the car.

"I don't care what you say, Bob. They're very small." Aunt Ruth answered back stubbornly. "You're good in science, aren't you, Dick? You tell him."

"Well," Bob snorted, "now's when you'll find out that you can be wrong for once. Go on, Dick, tell her."

"Tell what?"

"About the bulls," Bob replied.

"What bulls?"

"Have you been asleep or something, son? Ruth says that Black Angus are small animals, and I . . ."

"They are too. They're that way so that they won't take up much room on a small farm. I ought to know. My girlfriend Martha told . . ."

"Just let **him** tell us, Ruth. You'll see. Well, son, are Black Angus cattle big or not?"

How they ever got into that argument, he'd never know. He must have missed the beginning while he was looking at the scenery. It seemed that his father and aunt were always fighting about something — usually not anything that really counted. He thought his father might be right — this time — but he answered, "I don't know. I really don't. What's it matter anyway?"

"It matters a lot. Your aunt must think I'm stupid or something, and I won't stand . . ."

"Calm down, Bob," Dick's mother interrupted. Joan was sitting uneasily between her mother and aunt. "Whose side are you on, anyway, Mary? Everytime I . . ."

"Oh, hell!" Dick thought. He shut them out of his mind. It was quite a bit brighter now. Dick turned off the headlights. Only a few stars still resisted the oncoming tide of light. A sign whizzed by — "Crater Lake 6 Miles". The car soon reached the entrance. No ranger was there to collect money; Dick just drove through. It must have been too early.

The trees quickly thinned out and soon they were crossing a plain of red sand and blackish green bushes. A cool, fresh wind whipped the little bushes and gently rocked the car. The road began to head up and soon they left the red plain for stony, more mountainous country. Now and then Dick noticed a patch of snow close to the road. They really were getting high up. In the rear view mirror, beyond the gesticulating figure of his aunt, Dick saw that there were great white mists squatting in the valleys behind and below them.

" . . . you bring up those cows again, I'll take a plane home tomorrow!" Aunt Ruth snapped.

They were still arguing. His mother had given up trying to pacify them. Joan was asleep, her head on her mother's shoulder. Why couldn't those two just be quiet and take a look at what was around them? Raw, bare mountain peaks tearing into the racing clouds, while softer hills and valleys rolled below.

The road curved and wound to the yellow-pink sky. They had reached the edge of Crater Lake — a six mile wide expanse, surrounded by 2,000 foot cliffs, which were once the sides of an old volcano. Dick

pulled over at the first viewing place he spotted.

"Hand me my camera, will you Joan?" She took it from the shelf in the back and gave it to Dick. "Doesn't anyone want to come out and take a look?"

"Sure we do son," replied his mother. "Come on, Joan, let's see."

"It's too cold out there for me," Ruth said. "I'll just sit in the car."

Dick walked up to the stone wall and saw the lake below. Wizard Island, a smooth, cone-like piece of land, covered with pine trees, wasn't far away. The first rays of the sun were splashing across it, washing across its brown pine needle surface and making its trees darken in comparison. A hawk flew across his vision and landed about fifteen feet from him, on the other side of the wall. Giving him a haughty look, it spread its wings and swooped down towards the lake — disappearing over the edge of the cliff.

"Well, aren't you going to take our pictures," asked his father, coming up behind him. Somehow they had managed to get Aunt Ruth out of the car too.

"Sure, Dad. Just stand in front of the wall." They lined up and he proceeded to take the picture. His sister's golden hair shone brightly in the morning light. Odd . . . but they all looked so calm and peaceful there, with the awful silence of the chilling wind swirling around them and the silver-blue lake resting below. He wished he didn't have to take the picture — maybe they'd stay that way.

"Hurry up, son. I'm freezing," broke in his father.

The picture was taken and they all piled into the car. Dick took one look back. The hawk had returned. He drove off, leaving it behind.

". . . You know I raise dogs, Bob, and I think I know a little more about

animals than you do. So why don't you just admit . . ." They were still debating the Black Angus question, but a little more calmly now. The words went back and forth all the way to the lodge.

"That was lousy coffee," complained Aunt Ruth, after breakfast in the knotty pine dining room of the lodge. "Don't give the waitress a tip, Bob."

Afterwards they went into the souvenir shop, and hunted around. Aunt Ruth, a cigarette slanting out of her mouth, was fingering through some postcards. With her mother, Joan looked at the little carved wooden figures of deer and bear. Dick's father had gone to the men's room. Dick decided to join his aunt at the post card counter. She seemed to have picked out about 50 to send back to her friends. Giving him a quick glance, she continued to finger through the cards.

Suddenly he saw it. Why and how it came to be there, he couldn't figure out. But there was no doubt that it was right before his eyes. Dick quickly reached for the post card he had spotted. Yes, indeed! There in beautiful, living color was the picture of a Black Angus with a man standing next to it. The animal was huge. Sidling up to the cash register, he bought the card and slipped it into his pocket. Oh . . . just let them start bickering again. He'd put a stop to it fast enough. He was really sick of them. Dick's father returned and they left the lodge.

Driving around the lake, Dick saw another viewing point. He pulled up and jumped out of the car. The sun was very bright, but it was still quite cold outside.

"Look, there's the Phantom Ship," he called back. He looked down at the distant surface of the lake where the 200 foot column of salmon colored rock reared itself from the water.

It looked so small from here.

"I don't need to get out," Ruth said. "I have a post card of that already."

Joan and her mother left the car, but Bob stood outside and said to Ruth, "You come out too. If you think I've driven you 3,000 miles so that you could look at a post card, you're crazy."

She made some reply which Dick couldn't hear.

"I don't care how tired . . .," and so they continued, building it up and up and breaking the beautiful silence. Dick put his hand into his pocket. They weren't talking about bulls now, but he'd throw that in their faces, just to see how they liked it.

Something suddenly caught the corner of his eye. It was the hawk again — circling above the cool blue depths of the lake under the brilliant

sky. It softly glided around, and then drifted towards Dick, landing in a small pine tree near where the cliff dropped straight down for a thousand feet. The little tree shook when he lighted on it, and the wind took up the motion. Nobody else had seen the hawk — only Dick. It looked at him for what seemed a long time. Dick couldn't move. Then, pushing off into the emptiness, it floated away into the blue of the sky and lake. Dick pulled out the post card. They were still fighting. Walking over to a trash can, he threw it away.

"What was that?" his mother asked.

"It doesn't matter any more, Mom," he answered softly.

"What did you say, son?"

"Nothing, Mom," he smiled, watching the faint speck in the distance. "Nothing at all."

*Isn't it kind
to give us
this span of free space, consciousness, and will?
And suppose they call us away
long before the end of the play:
Grant they could hardly afford
To have the audience bored.*

Eli Schwartz

Floating Exchange Rates

*When first I ran naked on the world
Frenzied kaleidoscopes opened and swirled
Now I am fed, clothed, and presentable
I find it all quite resentable.*

Eli Schwartz

True Love

*Paunchy cheeked cheek Louie
married in spite of four children
and forgot to read the sign
For Adults Only . . .*

Francis J. Azzarto

Hegel, I Hate You

*Hegel, I hate you for the frivilities of your youth.
You murdered life when you said that it was not
made for happiness, but for achievement.
And when you said that the state should
be freedom organized.
You tried to atone this in your old age, but it
was too late — you had already set the world
running at an unhaltable pace.
Now all life is a constant struggle for achievement.
And nature's struggle against man is as successful as
a tin duck's attempt to be missed in a
shooting gallery full of marksmen.
And man, depleting the storehouse of conflicts, has found
a never-ending struggle against himself.
Yes, Hegel, you are a success.
Other men have murdered God, morality, and
science; but you have murdered the
modality of modality, life in itself.*

Jon Sharp

National Enquirer

*Everybody's married fatties look fatter
Boiled Starchly on Macaronied Brain Food
so for spite then
Loveloose Rex Married Mamie
and freely educated her bulge blotched bed post
filling in the superhighways with middle-aged fat.*

Francis J. Azzarto



Carter Budd:

Sketch for a Short Story

by William Rust III

Farming the earth, the day must stop at nightfall. The plow cuts a last swath, and the dry, stubborn clouds, showing black in the gathering dusk, are left undisturbed by man, mule, and plow, until next daybreak. Feeling old and weary, the man turns his back to his endless struggle, shrugs off an ache or two, and walks up the hill. His acres are few, and the land is poor. The slopes roll and chop, yawning in occasional hummocks, and the fencerows are piled high with rocks pulled from the soil. Corn extends to the west, barley to the east; potatoes, oblivious to winter winds, have been planted toward the north. Southward lies the hill on which his dwelling stands; slightly below squats a barn of even ruder construction. Dwarfish trees are occasionally interspaced by aging stumps; beyond the clearing of the house, the valley dips to endless woods. The earth around the house itself is largely taken up by a vegetable garden, planted to cabbage, carrots, beets and tomatoes. Around the settlement runs a crisscross fence, in places ill kept. Tethered near the shed, or barn, are three animals; the mule, streaked with sweat, grazing quietly; an antiquated, dappled sorrel with sagging shoulders; and a medium grade Holstein, worth more than perhaps anything else on the place. A mongreled hound lies as dead on the house porch. Underneath, a few chickens grovel grain. Behind the house, in a pen of its own, a sow feeds its litter on sagging, swinging teats. The evening turns balmy; crickets chirp contentedly, unseen. The farm is typically southern, and typically poor.

Carter Budd, upon reaching his

house, swings open the often patched door, to be greeted by the usual screaming of his wife, a dumpy bitch of thirty-five. Several undernourished children, apparently the recipients of the nasal harangue, run giggling around the side of the house. Sighing without hope, Budd takes out tobacco and paper and rolls a cigarette, lights it off his shoe, and takes himself out to the porch, where he sits on the edge and counts his fingers, and his debts. The hound dog shakes off flies, and seems content. An incredibly dirty urchin of perhaps five appears from around the corner, dressed in nothing, dragging something. Smiling rather appealingly, he says bashfully:

"Dadduh!" To which there is no response from the man.

"Dadduh! Look what Buddy find!" Still no answer from Budd, just a disinterested glance and a healthy spit in the child's direction, upon identifying the object in tow as a dead rat.

"Kin keep 'im, yep!" says the boy, with hopeful glee.

"Boy you better take that God damn thing and throw it fur's you kin! You ain't got no business foolin' round with no dead rat. If you don get rid a that thing right now, well I'm gonna sick You Momma on you, and she'll fix your young hide directly, and shurer'n hell, too. Now get that damn thing away from a sight, hear!" Turning toward the inside of the house, he yells:

"Carrie! God damn, woman, what the hell is that boy doin', carryin' some dead thing around like some kind'a toy, lickin' it and playin' with it and God knows what all. Ain't you

got no more sense than to let him do that?"

"Don't you holler at me, you! I get so tired listenin' to you bitch eve time you come in . . . don't think I ain't been workin' my poor ass to the bone, and I got more to do than watch them fool kids all day, me here tendin' to this house like a damn nigger . . . What'n hell'd he do now?"

"Got some damn rat, found it hell knows where, fixin' to eat it or

somethin'. I ain't got no idea where he found it.

"Well tell him to go bury it or somethin'. Lord knows I ain't got the strength to worry about rats. Hope they ain't been in that cistern again, else we'll have to start carryin' our water from the stream over yonder."

Budd pulls himself to his feet and goes inside to eat. Night settles, the weary pan out like a base sediment, and sleep is escape.

Leaf Burning

*Left in the leaves today
Colors of pale pastel fires;
Upon the ground, raked away,
Piled into piles, death pyres.
And tomorrow leaf-burners come
Lighting, each the same, one by one;
Left, the leaves burn with a fright,
Singeing grey, daylights of the sun.*

Richard Sindel

Autumnalis Amor Cythereae Filii

(after Di Chirico)

*in the mute city by the sea
where nothing is save headless
Venus looking out over the
waters
we'll walk beneath the
colonnades and out into the
sterile autumn sun.
touch not the reposing cane,
suppliant's staff —
rather than pray in vain
I would not have you pray at all.
touch not the statue nor
the cross (sacred remnant)
nearby —
rather than touch the dead
gifts of bygone Gods
I would not have you touch at all.
we will pass the time in
animal embraces — upon
the shore
(in the almost-pleasure
of artificial ecstasies)
we will love again and more —
this love — this last mechanical
vestige of our humanity —
on the sandless beach
where no one roams.
the vacuum becomes unbearable.
who are you, with whom
I lie? what have I to do
with you?
we cannot, we cannot,
don't you see it all?
don't you know?
no air, no wind — I must
lie here hopeless, unforgiven —
not even a wave to
wash my body into the sea.*

G. J. Weinberger

The Rainmaker

by Losh

In the midst of dust and decaying buildings, there is a breeze from off the river. Although the river itself is filthy and polluted, it gives forth a breathing promise of life. Elsewhere all is tightly closed, carefully packed against the searing heat and penetrating dryness. Why should such a fresh breeze blow from the river on a day like this?

For three weeks we who work in the office have prayed for rain. An ancient fan rattles and wheezes in vain, trying to stir the heavy air. I work in the files. The dry, dying particles of paper constantly surround me, so uncomfortable at times that I want to die too. Maybe the breeze from the river is a sign of increasing dampness . . .

There is an old man working with me who makes the hot weather even harder to bear. He is continually joking about the desert, rain, and rainmakers. "What we need around here is an Indian rainmaker!" he says. Then, not certain if his point has been well made, he explains further: "You know, like those old Indian geezers, you see them on street corners, selling cigars! Hehe-he!" Next, (Oh! he must think himself TERRIBLY amusing) he prances through the stacks of cabinets uttering Indian chants and incantations.

The other person who works in the files is a dark quiet girl named Barbara. She is tall and slender, with black, black hair, and still, very piercing eyes. She always looks calm and cool, no matter how high the heat or humidity. She rarely has anything to say, yet I find myself liking her. It's nice to see someone who keeps her temper and never allows her surroundings to bother her.

We are sitting, sorting orders, and the old man starts again. Barbara alphabets silently, the papers moving methodically through her slim fingers. I am irate from the heat, and at times the orders slip through my hands. I am forced to spend extra time and effort in retrieving them. The papers lie idle in the old man's lap, and the yellow teeth show as he leers.

Today, instead of his usual obnoxious cheerfulness, he is sullen. His remarks about the weather are bitter, as though he controlled it, and it was disobeying him. "The weathermen should DO something about this," he groans. "This dryness is terrible."

I say nothing, for I have no wish to lose my temper. Surprising me, Barbara answers in conversation. "The weathermen are not God," she states. "They rannot make rain when there is none to be made."

"The Indians knew how, so they say," he says nastily, "you should know, you're Indian yourself!"

This comes as a shock to me. I had never consciously thought about Barbara's nationality. Still, those eyes, and her hair is so dark.

"So?" she answers coolly. "Would you like me to produce an Indian rainmaker?"

For a moment the man can think of nothing to say. Barbara has astonished me. I never thought she would lose her composure — and over something so trivial! Then the man says, with a grin: "Yeah . . . I'd like one 'o' those. Smoking a cigar, huh?"

"I could find you one," says she, "but you wouldn't like it very much."

"You can't," he counters. "It's im-

possible."

"What will you bet?" Barbara asks.

Again the man is silent. Suddenly he realizes that Barbara means a wager, and he cannot understand it. It must be some bizarre joke and he treats it as such.

"Yeah," he says. "We'll go out together, when I win, and you'll pay! We'll go everywhere I want and you'll do whatever I want you to."

"I want only your soul."

He is relaxed now, and in full swing. "You remember, when you lose, we'll go anywhere I want."

"I won't lose," she returns. Her voice holds a trace of impatience. "When do you want your rain?"

"Next Tuesday," he laughs and walks out. His wheezy chuckles can be heard, and the creaking of the boards under his feet. I look about the room and it seems impossible that such an exchange can be so short. I see Barbara standing by the cabinet, and I am frightened by the malevolent look on her face. "Don't do it!" I cry, and Barbara stares at me, amazed.

"Do what?" she asks, confused. Then, receiving no answer, answers herself. "Oh. That." she says. "He'll only get what he deserves."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I say, and she smiles.

She leaves the room, and her black hair shows dusky against the cabinets.

Oh! what a weekend this has been! It is so hot, and so stuffy, with no relief at all. The weather forecasts more sun, and more warm days. I thank the Lord I live alone, and don't have to put up with a family or pets. I do my work with a constant headache — and I find myself thinking at the oddest hours of Barbara and the Tuesday to come.

Monday, and the sky is cloudless. It is stifling. The man says nothing and Barbara is her customary silent self.

Tuesday. I don't know what I expected when I woke this morning. Probably moisture of some type — clouds, or dew, but as usual, everything is still and dry.

Tuesday Afternoon, and the morning was completely uneventful. My appetite for lunch is spoiled. The tension prevents me from eating a bite. The man says nothing, but there is a triumphant grin upon his face. I am tempted to say something about rain, but something in the firm, hard set of Barbara's back prevent this.

The door to the filing room is opening, and someone — someone is entering — but — no, only a salesman, hired the previous week. I have seen him talk to Barbara after hours, and I guess he is an acquaintance.

The man walks over to Barbara; he greets her with a smile as an old friend. She takes his arm, and motions for the old man to rise. He does so, and this odd trio move slowly out the door. I fancy I see a type of ceremony to this, and quickly I follow them, as they pass through the outer office to the street.

It is hot, so very, very hot, and the air hangs heavy and sullen. The young salesman stands on the edge of the curb, the man is on the sidewalk, and Barbara is in the shadow of a doorway. I watch from our stoop. Suddenly Barbara speaks, and her words are malignant and cruel. "You see, old fool, what you have mocked," she says curtly. "You made your stupid bet, and you have lost!"

The old man's features hang slack in amazement.

The young man lifts his right hand, and points it upward. From nowhere there is a small dried gourd, clutched

firmly inside it. From the furthest corner of the sky appears a tiny, black cloud. At first it is no bigger than a human fist, but it grows and spreads. Now it covers the entire sky, and the horizon is overcast. The salesman smiles slightly; the old man giggles insanely. Barbara's face is stern.

The cloud grows, and I see the lightning bolts chasing one another. A clap of thunder — and rain, rain, Oh! blessed, blessed rain! It is beating down upon the sidewalks, the streets, turning the dust to mud; it plasters my hair to my forehead, my clothes about my body. It encompasses all, except —

Except one spot in the middle of the street where the old man is standing. Around him is a small patch of dryness, and his clothes are chalked with long forgotten dust. "Rain!" he screams. "Rain!" His aged features split in agony. He runs frantically down the street, but the surrounding dry area follows him as he runs. His screams and hysterical babblings can torment my mind still.

Barbara goes inside, her long, black hair dripping. I turn back to where the salesman stood, within that magic spot. There is no one, no one at all. I am the only soul who stands there, in the street, with the rain beating all about me.

The Warm Day . . .

*The warm day coiling
Its arms around
The cluttered city
Crushes the buildings
In its grasp.
Not even the whisper of wind
Comes to cool the grimy faces
Of the old men sitting
On their stoops,
Lost in the dream
Of the afternoon.
It was hot too,
When I first came,
Standing in quiet corners
With the silly look
Of waking before the dawn.
But it was good then
To be whirled in the reeking
Pressing life that poured its entrails
Out on the sweating pavement.
Sometimes it rained for days,*

*And the drops rolled
Down the buildings
Following the travelled paths
Of other drops
That have since been scooped
By the greedy fingers of the sun.
We walked the streets
In raincoats carelessly wrapped
Around us, not caring
If the rain soaked through,
Walking with a swagger
Under the hanging clouds.
Time passed, leaving only
The rattle of memories.
But is passed boldly,
Like a clean incision,
Until I started asking questions.
Then I saw the mottled fear
Creeping like curdled milk
On faces that looked away
Wherever I turned.
It was hard, to feel
My tongue drying,
Lying like a fallen leaf
Between my teeth.
But what was there to do,
Except enjoy the walk
Across the windy square
To the other side,
And watch the old men
And their dreams
Spitting on the pavement.*

Andrew Jansons



Dubliners' Grace

by George Russ

Few critics of the **Dubliners** have offered a detailed explication of the story "Grace", but have remained content merely to dismiss it as an ironic parody of the **Divine Comedy** or to trace internal and external parallels, both of theme and of character. None has taken the key of the title to extract the host of religious mysteries Joyce so idiosyncratically veils. His meticulous use of titles should caution against too light a dismissal of them, and the story's position, originally intended to complete the series, indicates a more thorough explanation is needed if the entire work is to be more fully understood.

As its analogue indicates, the story is indeed one of salvation, but it focuses primarily on the means rather than on the end. Grace as this medium is the most important of the three fundamental concepts — sin, grace, redemption — of the Christian religion, for without this divinely-ordained gift, men could not effect their redemption from sin and attain their heavenly destiny. Joyce's early interest in this doctrine is established by his brother Stanislaus's discussion, in his diaries and letters, of the incident which Joyce was later to transform into the present story:

The strange doctrine of actual and sanctifying grace and its relation to original sin, which last was to be the subject of *Finnegan's Wake*, had puzzled and fascinated my brother, as he found it in the teaching of the Church, and even viewed from outside the Church it held his interest. He had, in fact, gone to listen to a sermon on the subject preached in Gardiner Street Church or University College Chapel.¹

Joyce, the account continues, came away disgusted at the inadequacy of the exposition, claiming the preacher had not even tried to know what he was talking about, but had assumed that anything was good enough for his listeners. It angered him that such shoddy stuff should pass for spiritual guidance. A few years later, Joyce was to write his own fictional tract on the subject, much more effectively than the Gardiner Street charlatan, who perhaps served in part as the model for Father Purdon and his equally bungling harangue.

A brief catechism will assist in introducing this interpretation of the story, a dramatization of the receipt of grace, its effects, and its final abortion. Intrinsic or sanctifying grace, permanently inhering in the soul, man claims as a spiritual right by virtue of his creation; it is generated by the sacrament of baptism. Mortified by mortal sin, it is restored through penance and fortified by actual grace. The latter, which enlightens the mind and fires the will with a view toward salvation, is immediately imparted by God for the performance of salutary acts, ceasing to function with their accomplishment. As a moral cause, it presupposes the existence of obstacles which render the work of salvation so difficult it is impossible without special divine assistance. It is increased with every reception of the several sacraments.²

Joyce in this story concentrates on the point of most relevance to man in this world: actual grace, the means to salvation. As representatives of pure nature, the main characters are exposed as weaklings in a world of trial, unable to overcome

its temptations, unable to accept the fortifying grace offered them. Institutions established to fortify man in his quest—the Church and the State—are depicted as ineffectual, as impoverished, as subversive. Despite this indictment of the Church and its officers, however the story is entirely orthodox, if not, in fact, doctrinal. Neither is the story as a whole (excepting Father Purdon's sermon) ironic; the title is sufficiently broad to cover all varieties of religious experience portrayed therein; all are orthodox instances of grace. Though of negation and defeat, it is not a pessimistic story. It forsakes man in a neutral universe, divorced from other men and from corporations of men, responsible only to himself for his personal development, but it allows him sources of strength and a will freely to choose.

The work, then is a divine comedy. Consonant with the author's technique of depicting the macrocosm in the microcosm, it begins, as does each man's spiritual life, with a baptism. Tom Kernan, habitual drunkard, has injured himself in a fall at a local pub. Surrounded by a ring of helpless spectators, he remains unconscious (the physical inability characteristic of a fall from grace) until an anonymous young man in a cycling suit with overtones of Christ assumes command and calls for water. He rinses the blood from Kernan, the ministrations reviving him. This is the sacrament of baptism, involving the application of water upon the head of the recipient. Ordinary water may be used, and one application is sufficient. Though the usual minister is a priest, a lay person can validly baptize in cases of emergency: unconsciousness or danger of death. Consent or participation of the subject is not required. The particular office bestowed is the generation of sanctifying grace, remitting original sin or the privation

of grace in every human creature since Adam, as well as its due punishment, and any actual sin which may be present in the soul. It is a birth into the spiritual order: the subject who has lived according to nature now begins to live supernaturally. Incidentally, it is not until after this administration of the sacrament that Kernan is referred to by name; hitherto, he has had no identity, but has been known only as "the man."

Thus, Kernan's fall and original sin have been remitted. He has been born into the spiritual order: "He lay curled up . . . quite helpless . . . smeared with the filth and ooze on which he had lain. His eyes were closed and he breathed with a grunting noise." Ready to begin his quest for salvation, he now commits formal or true sins, depriving the soul of sanctifying grace, meriting eternal punishment.

Of these sins, Joyce provides an abundant number, running the gamut from weaknesses of the flesh to trespasses of the mind and will. In keeping with the story's principal analogue, the *Divine Comedy*, these sins as exhibited in the purgatory section of "Grace" must correspond to those in the second of Dante's triad. The Italian master there discovered within himself the Seven Deadly Sins and proceeded to expiate their residual stain. These capital vices are similarly stitched into the Irish master's modern purgatory. They are pride, avarice, gluttony, lust, sloth, envy, wrath; all have an exceedingly desirable end, such that in their pursuit man enmeshes himself in many sins, all of which originate in these as their chief source. For purposes of discussion, they will be categorized under the character in Tom's circle of friends who most expressly exhibits their influence. It should be noted, however, that these sinners do not symbolically represent

the sins; they illustrate or reveal them through dialogue and action.

There is no central character or single protagonist in the story; all are equal in the democracy of iniquity. Kernan, however, functions as the device for furthering the action, and, as his errors are especially evident, he provides a ready key to Pandora's box.

His sin, of course, is gluttony. An excessive indulgence in food or drink, it involves too much, too soon, too expensively, too eagerly, or too daintily. Kernan pitches down the stairs because he is "pelooethered"; even while in shock and pain, he regrets he can't "have another" with his saviour, his only means to express gratitude (he is denied this "communion" since he is not yet in a state of grace). His excesses go to such an extent that he neglects his family, dissipates his pay. The moral deformity here lies in the defiance of reason, which prescribes necessity as the measure of indulgence. Usually a venial sin, it is moral if serious injury to health or complete drunkenness results: Tom in his fall bites off a minute piece of tongue; "a curious appropriateness in his accident" since it is his primary organ of sin. (Power's examination of this source of sin in the dark confessional of the cab foreshadows his latter role as the bestower of Grace). But a sin is never single: there is always an interwoven complex. Kernan is guilty also of pride, deadliest of the seven deadly, as evidenced by his own self-love and by his contempt for authority. He is never seen without a silk hat of some decency and a pair of gaiters. "By grace of these two articles of clothing, he said, a man could always pass muster." Further, he values the Jesuit Order only because it is the aristocracy of the Church scale, because it serves the upper classes. Keenly conscious of his citizenship, he "re-

sents any affront put upon him by those whom he called country bumpkins." He defies the authority of these "ignorant bostooms", for they think they can "boss the people." Wrath or anger frequently insinuates itself into his repertoire of vice: he swears frequently upon the slightest provocation, is constantly "nettled, indignant, virulent, relenting". Finally, the denial of reason implied in his gluttony causes his lapse from the Church, a result not of conviction, but of sloth, a hesitancy in the face of some spiritual good one has to achieve. Virtue being plagued with difficulty, it is far easier to wallow in error. Lust (sensuousness), envy, and avarice complete his bill. All considered, Kernan is plagued by vice, all mortal sins by virtue of their intensity. He is a weakling and desperately in need of grace.

Mrs. Kernan, too, is spiritually slothful. "Religion for her was a habit", consisting entirely of practical, useful beliefs: the Sacred Heart and the sacraments. If she were put to it she could believe also in the banshee and the Holy Ghost: beside the strenuous effort needed to arouse her faith, she could as easily believe in the pagan harbinger of death as in one of the Trinity. "Religion was religion", superstition and myth. Displaying equal indifference to her duties as wife and mother, she finds a wife's life irksome after three weeks of marriage; child-bearing rouses her from her lethargy, but the children are summarily disposed of. One a draper, the other a clerk, they are both good sons, the criteria being an occasional letter or a financial contribution. Her remaining children behave discourteously and disrespect their elders, a result probably of parental neglect. Instead of actively concerning herself with her husband's predilection toward alcohol, she accepts his frequent intem-

perance as "part of the climate", healing him when sick, making him eat his breakfast. This is the extent of her commitment, evidenced also by her renewed "intimacy" with her husband on the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary: she waltzed with him to Mr. Power's accompaniment. Furthermore, she, too, has a misguided pride or vanity, cherishing her wedding solely for Kernan's extravagant dress — frock-coat, lavender trousers, silk hat — not for its spiritual or sacramental import. This, and her scurrying eagerly to chapel whenever, and apparently only when, a wedding is in progress, constitutes also gluttony or lust—search for a sensible sweetness in religion. Finally, she runs her household "shrewdly" or avariciously. These sins, too, in their intensity could be mortal.

Joyce could stop here, the "moral history" of his country sufficiently established and more than adequately demonstrated. He grinds on, though, relentlessly, mercilessly, inexorably; bitterly imputing sin to all. However, his vengeance is not without purpose. Three of the remaining five workers of iniquity are officials of the Crown, the others respectable bourgeois merchants. Not content to cast stones merely at the lower stratum of society, the author enlarges his target to include the supposedly tutelary state officials. He begins his indictment of institutions.

Mr. Power, a minor official at the Royal Irish Constabulary, receives but a shower of pebbles, for he fulfills another office in the story, as shall later be shown. However, he, too, has his inheritance of sins. In the pub, he wears a long, yellow ulster; ordinarily an overcoat, the garment is of unusual color, suggesting a macintosh, used to shed or repel water, Joyce's frequently-used symbol of life. It is not raining, and so

Power employs the ulster to insulate himself from the people with whom he is drinking. Setting himself aloof from his fellow man, he is the essence of pride. Under the same category, he does not "relish the use of his Christian name," which implies an undesired intimacy or at least on acquaintance. Secondly, the delicacy of the flesh, which purpose the ulster also serves, is sensuousness or luxury, by extension lust. Thirdly, as his name indicates, power and pomp serve as his criteria of value, even for religion; he opines the Jesuits are the grandest order because of their large congregation and the status of their clientele. Sloth, a disinclination to labour in the face of some spiritual good, also enters into his religion, evidenced by his choosing a priest who "won't be too hard" on the circle of friends. Finally, he is ambitious — always officiating," always extricating himself from unpleasant or damaging associations — a handmaiden of avarice. Yet it is he to whom the "grace" of the story is initially given. For this reason only is he spared from total damnation; only for this reason is he one of the few rounded characters providing "good offices" during the Kernan's domestic quarrels, frequently advancing 'small, but opportune loans."

Mr. M'Coy, presently secretary to the City Coroner, is the chief exponent of envy. His only self-assertive action occurs when he hurls his newly-acquired medical nomenclature at the company, challenging them to refute him. Otherwise, he is fawning, obsequious, servile. His position in the circle seems none too secure, and, in his begging for approval, he calls Power "Jack," thereby offending him; feigns ignorance of the "Catch-65" anecdote, so that he can "enter the conservation by any door;" joins with the others in ridiculing the local constabulary; par-

ticipates in praising the Jesuits. (They are the boyos have influence.)" and disparaging the continual priesthood; changes sides in the repartee with amazing fluidity; and engages in other artifices designed to ingratiate himself. A subtle touch designed to indicate his lack of conviction and his constant shifting with the wind is the mention that he has been a canvasser for advertisements for both *The Irish Times* and *The Freeman's Journal*. The former was consistently opposed to home rule for Ireland and a staunch supporter of the status quo, while the latter, its chief rival, was strongly nationalist, published by a group supporting O'Connell's Repeal of the Act of Union.³ Though M'Coy exhibits all seven sins, the primary focus is upon his excessive devaluation of the self, his excessive admiration of others, and his vain attempts to emulate these so-called virtues. This is the epitome of envy. For all his pains, he finds himself alone in his pew in *Gardiner Street Chapel*.

In a masterpiece of condensed characterization, Joyce depicts the spokesman of avarice: Harford the money-lender, absent and portrayed only by allusion. He becomes partner to a Jew, embraces the Jewish ethical code and earns the bitter epithet "Irish Jew." "Divine disapproval" of his usury is made manifest through the person of his idiot son. Mentally deficient offspring are commonly held to be the result of early narcissistic sexual acts of either parent, implying Harford's lust. His "manners in drinking" and his efforts to avoid the restricted drinking hours on Sunday indicate his gluttony. His illiteracy indicates his sloth.

Mr. Fogarty champions luxury or sensuousness or lust. A few lines of Joyce's practice of initial characterization by physical description are sufficient to establish the grocer as an effeminate: "A pale, oval face . . .

The arch of its fair trailing moustache was repeated in the fair eyebrows looped above pleasantly astonished eyes." And, "he flattered himself his manner would ingratiate him with the housewives of the district. He bore himself with a certain grace, complimented the children and spoke with a neat enunciation. He was not without culture."

Martin Cunningham, Power's colleague in the Constabulary, is the last of Joyce's characters. Dominating the conversation, he serves a double purpose in the story: to contribute a chapter to the moral history of his country through the revelation of his own propensities and to prepare the scene for the author's indictment of the institution of the Church as a spiritual enemy. As to his sins, Cunningham suffers delusions of grandeur; though all members of the group display a certain pride, his is by far the most overweening. Recognized by all as the titular head of the group, he has himself skillfully created and cunningly projected this image. Though his cronies "bowed to his opinions and considered that his face was like Shakespeare's"; though he promulgates authoritatively (but erroneously) matters religious; he boasts himself a man of the world and a supreme judge of character, but he is in reality extremely provincial and parochial: the entire facade of sophistication and worldly experience is built upon a meagre association of cases in the police court and "brief immersions in the waters of general philosophy." His opening gambit, the "Catch-65" anecdote, is rambunctious, illustrated by grotesque gestures; he is an exhibitionist. It is he who first introduces the Jesuits in their context, setting the tone and the orientation: "They're the grandest order in the Church . . . The General of the Order stands next to the Pope." This is sufficient to establish

the pride by identification so evident in the others, but still he continues: "Every other order of the Church had to be reformed at some time or other, but the Jesuit Order was never once reformed. It never fell away. That's a fact." In fact, it's not a fact. Not only did the secular sovereigns of the continent constantly attack and even persecute the Order, but, in the 18th Century, Pope Clement XIV himself formally abolished forever the Order on the grounds it no longer produced the rich fruits and the blessings for the sake of which it was founded. An examination of the brief of suppression, the **Dominus ac Redemptor Noster**,⁴ will suit Joyce's purpose of indirect exposition through intentional error or omission and provide the groundwork for later observances. "The most lively controversy arises everywhere about the doctrine of the Order, which many charged with being wholly opposed to sound faith and good morals. The bosom of the Society is torn by internal and external dissensions; among other things it is reproached with seeking worldly goods too eagerly." Clement continues to cite the various enactments of his predecessors designed to curtail the society with respect to secular affairs with which it ought not to concern itself on missions and relating to the grave dissensions harshly provoked by its members, not without a risk of the loss of soul. Furthermore, the society is chastised in matters relating to the "interpretation and practice of certain pagan ceremonies tolerated and admitted in various places, apart from those which are approved by the universal Church: or relating to the use and interpretation of those maxims which the Holy See has justly proscribed as scandalous and evidently injurious to good morals: or relating to other matters of great importance and absolutely necessary to preserve the

purity and integrity of the dogmas of the Christian religion."

The passage does much more than merely indicate the extent of Cunningham's erudition; it serves the further purpose of fashioning the first of many tools Joyce will later apply against the institutional Church.

Meanwhile, Cunningham faces a dilemma: his ignorance is either sloth, an unwillingness to utilize the intellect in the search for truth, or, if he is conscious of his errors, pride, striving for effect rather than for truth. He next demonstrates his superior capacity by misquoting the mottos of Popes Leo XIII and Pius IX (Lumen in Coelum and Crux de Cruce, respectively), praising their intellectual accomplishments, and admiring their Latin poetry on photography. The quality of Cunningham's faith as distinct from the quality of his intellect is indicated by the unique and, to say the least, incongruous, metaphors he uses to introduce the retreat: ". . . we're all going to wash the pot." Encouraged by his own voice, he invites Kernan to join them (toward which end the meeting was convened), making a "four-handed reel." Further, he chooses a priest represented as a "man of the world", whose sermons are a "kind of friendly talk, in a common sense way." With this broad knowledge and this pious orientation, Cunningham emphatically proclaims his religion "the religion, the old, original faith." Incorporating all the vices of his associates, he magnifies them out of all proportion.

Joyce allows him but one substantially correct explanation of ecclesiastical history and this because it provides additional ammunition against the institutional Church. When Kernan questions whether the old popes weren't quite "up to the knocker", Cunningham launches into his distorted, melodramatic, but essentially

true, account of papal infallability. In order to keep his character consistent, Joyce allows him the usual errors, but only on minor points. The doctrine of infallibility is rendered intact since this is not mere idle pseudo-erudition, but fits into the grand scheme of things: when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* on matters of faith and morals, he is, subject to certain qualifications, infallible.

When Joyce uses a character for dual purpose, to convey a point of information, that character is fully rounded. Both Power (whose function will be the receipt and transmission of grace) and Cunningham (who forges the author's tools against the institutional Church) surpass the others, who are mere cardboard figures or caricatures, in credibility. Power's redeeming qualities have already been mentioned; Cunningham marries an "unpresentable woman who was an incurable drunkard" and apparently attempts to cure her, wields moderating influence among his associates, and commands a degree of knowledge and natural astuteness. Though still admittedly detached and distant, these two are much more realistic than any of the others.

Thus, in his "Seven Characters for Seven Vices", Joyce, judges his representative race, as did an earlier Irish author, to be the "most pernicious race of little vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." They are weaklings, cowards, effeminate in a world demanding heroes, paladins, masculines. Saved from sentimentality only because their vice is made just apparent enough to indicate the nine-tenths below surface, they comprise a normative group which may be extended to the total population. With these men society sympathizes, offering two institutions designed to serve their temporal and spiritual

welfare. Joyce condemns these so-called bulwarks as ineffectual, impure, and, indeed, as obstacles to the very end they were established to serve. The story so far has been much more than a damning character sketch; simultaneously it has indicted the temporal institution and prepared the brief against the spiritual. To invertebrates looking to the state for support, Joyce offers Messers. Power, Cunningham, and McCoy, Castle officials all. Intended as towers of strength, they are weakest of all, most vice-ridden of all. With these same "quacks," the author will expose the Church, accomplished both through the overt action and, to raise the issue from the personal to the institutional, through Cunningham's renderings of religious history.

Act two of the drama of aborted redemption begins with Power's receipt of grace. In the Kernan's kitchen, after having escorted the pelotthered master of the house home from the pub, he suddenly conceives the plot of the retreat designed to reform Kernan. As he later claims, he intends to "make your man here a good holy pious and God-fearing Roman Catholic. We're all going to make a retreat . . ." Nothing in the story thus far prepares for this; nothing following this climax justifies it. Though power has in the past performed various trifling offices for the family, this was predicated by his ambition: "the arc of his social rise intersected with the arc of his friend's decline." His benignant action is apparently unmotivated; there is no reason for his undertaking the spiritual reform of Tom Kernan, at least not in naturalistic terms. The supernatural, however, affords a ready explanation: "Grace" is a story of grace.

Despite his character, already shown to be found wanting, he is

still eligible to receive the gift of grace, for its receipt has absolutely no correlation with desert or merit. His present function is further corroborated by his earlier role of father confessor to Kernan and by Joyce's careful identification of the clergy with the constabulary. This leit-motif, including Cunningham's almost identical judgements on both professions — "You get some bad ones and you get some good ones": They're all good men, each in his own way — and the similarity of description and action of both the constable and Father Purdon — both are powerful-looking men with massive and immobile features; both are concerned with merely routine formalities, the former with the recording of Kernan's name and address only, the latter wishing merely to balance his spiritual books, both ignoring the root cause of the circumstances of the situation; the one drawing off his glove, the other turning back the wide sleeves of his surplice; both surveying their respective audiences — is otherwise unjustified and superfluous.⁵ Since Power is qualified for the Royal Irish Constabulary Office, Joyce seems to be saying, he is equally qualified for the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland.

The policeman-priest receives actual grace, which enlightens the mind and fires the will with a view toward salvation, and, because it is an immediate divine enlightenment, unmerited and unprovoked, illuminating grace. Fortified by this, Power is empowered to perform a salutary spiritual act — redeem Tom Kernan. However, the Church has long propounded the doctrine of free will: these heavenly inspirations may be freely accepted or freely rejected. Power, by virtue of another grace — consequent or co-operating — or another aspect of the same grace, em-

braces it and proceeds with his scheme, enlists his cronies, imparts it to Mr. Kernan.

Their later action's — attitude toward the retreat (a "four-handed reel"), choice of a spiritual leader (a "man of the world"), and general orientation toward religion (discussions of the Jesuits, the "magic-lantern business", etc.) — border on rejection, transforming consequent grace into sufficient grace, which for lack of co-operation by the recipient goes without the effect for which it was bestowed. However, to be efficacious, a grace needs not total commitment. They still have a chance: they do attend the retreat and they can still be fortified in their resolution by the Word and by the Holy Eucharist. Here, however, they will be disappointed and foiled; here the break in the chain. Ultimate responsibility for the aborted redemption, then, lies upon the church, since, though the friends are not totally committed to their inspiration, they nevertheless act in partial accordance with its decrees.

Act three unfolds in the Jesuit Church in Gardiner Street, with Joyce indicating the commercial and mundane attitude toward religion still reigns: the group sits in the form of a quincunx, the name also of a Roman coin ("render unto Caesar . . ."); they are careful of their clothing, hitching their trousers, securing their hats, kneeling upon handkerchiefs; Mr. M'Coy makes comic remarks; the congregation is composed largely of state officials and merchants. In this atmosphere, Kernan the reprobate "began to feel more at home." Yet a change occurs: they gradually enter into the proper frame of mind, they are "sensible of the decorous atmosphere"; Beginning to "respond to the religious stimulus," they may now be influenced further by medi-

ate illuminating grace, ready to be stirred and fortified by the sermon.

The Church now has its opportunity and, indeed, its duty. Father Purdon (the name of a street in the old brothel area in Dublin) enters as its representative. As always, Joyce first pigeon-holes his character by a significant physical description: Purdon is a "powerful-looking figure," "draped" with a surplice; he "struggles" into the pulpit; two-thirds of his "bulk" appears above the balustrade, crowned by a "massive red face." He is a glutton, worldly, commercial. He is then allowed to commit himself totally. As his text, he chooses the Parable of the Unjust Steward:

For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Wherefore make unto yourselves friends out of the Mammon of iniquity, so that when you die they may receive you into everlasting dwellings.

This, according to Catholic interpretation, with which Purdon should certainly be familiar, admonishes those who look upon worldly property as a sign of God's favour: the children of the world are keener on temporal than the children of light on eternal well-being, more resourceful, resolute, and zealous regarding material gain than the propagation of the kingdom of God; if only those who have the light to live with a view toward their eternal salvation would show the keenness and the sagacity of those who live for temporal advantage. This is evident upon the surface. The children of the world act not honestly or justly, but wisely and shrewdly, with a prudence that belongs to the ideals of this world; the "everlasting dwellings" inhabited by the friends of Mammon are more likely Hell than Heaven.⁶

Father Purdon, however, completely distorts this meaning, even reverses it, by adapting it for businessmen and professional men, modern-day Pharisees.

Jesus Christ, with His divine understanding of every cranny of our human nature, understood that not all men were called to the religious life, that by far the vast majority were forced to live in the world, and, to a certain extent, for the world: and in this sentence He designed to give them a word of counsel, setting before them as exemplars in the religious life those very worshippers of Mammon who were of all men the least solicitous of matters religious.

More than a compromise of the Church to the ways of the world, this is a concession. Had Purdon read on, he would have met with a passage that might have disturbed his easy conscience: "No servant can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other. You cannot serve both God and Mammon."

Father Purdon abandons the Christian doctrine of a constant striving for perfection independent of the existing society. He allows, excuses, errors and lapses. As he admits, he is a man of the world speaking to his fellow-men in a business-like way. In a very commercial, materialistic manner, indeed, he quantifies matters spiritual: he is their "spiritual accountant", wishing his hearers would open the books of their spiritual life and see if they "tallied accurately with conscience. If not, all that is required is a promise to "set right accounts.", for:

Jesus Christ is not a hard task-master. He understood our little failings, understood the weaknesses of our poor fallen nature,

understood the temptations of this life. We might have had, we all had from time to time, our temptations: we might have, we all had, our failings.

Not only does the high priest compromise the Church to Mammon, but he immolates it upon the altar of Mammon. The Church is indeed the "least erected spirit that fell from Heaven, it looks and though always downward bent, admiring more the riches of Heaven's pavements, trodden gold, then aught divine or holy else enjoyed in vision beatific." It cannot succour those who come crying to it for sustenance, because, like the state, it serves its stomach instead of its God. Despiritualized, commercialized, quantified, not only does it fail in its office, but is an enemy of spiritual life, an obstacle thwarting man's personal development. It is the Church which aborts this drama of redemption and salvation: upon entering the church, Kernan and his friends are under the influence of preventient grace, which can either accomplish or fail in its object; they are floundering, but it is Purdon, who, not only as a passive quack, but as an active saboteur, fails to fortify them, thus destroying efficacious grace, converting it into sufficient grace that which goes without its effect. He is responsible for their failure; it is he who will be called to account as their spiritual leader.

Yet so far the indictment remains on the level of the individual personality: it is Purdon's sermon and his private opinion. The institution of the Church has an avenue of escape: it distincts the man and the office, so that, be the man corrupt, the purity of the office remains intact. Joyce, however, foresees this and ingeniously foils the plot by blocking the avenue of escape. With the aid of Martin Cunningham and his pseudo-

scholary dissertations upon ecclesiastical history, he scales the hierarchy from Purdon through the Jesuits to the Pope and the Church as an institution. In the first step, Cunningham praises Purdon as a man of the world, as a professional and a commercialist. Purdon is a Jesuit, and his failings are by no means unique, but characteristic of the Order, for Cunningham lauds it as the aristocracy of the Church, as the sovereign of wealth and power, as the upper-class elite. Besides revealing the character of the speaker, this also reflects upon the Order itself. The charges of Clement's brief of suppression, that the doctrines of the Order are wholly opposed to sound faith and good morals, that it is reproached with too eagerly seeking worldly goods, that it uses maxims which the Holy See has justly proscribed as scandalous and evidently injurious to good morals, are also deliberately appropriate here.

Thus having raised the indictment from Purdon to the Jesuits, Joyce is still not satiated, but proceeds against the Church itself. His mouth-piece introduces the topic of papal infallibility, which the Jesuits zealously supported. As missionaries of the Holy See, they are vicars apostolic delegates of the Pope. To Joyce, therefore, if the Pope is infallible when speaking ex cathedra on matters of faith and morals, so are the Jesuits and so is Father Purdon. By ascent, if Father Pordon is commercial, mundane, Philistine, so are the Jesuits and so is the Pope; if the Pope, the visible head of the Church, so for the entire Church. An extension of this argument ends in either a logical absurdity: if the Pope, the Vicar of Christ on earth, so too God is opposed to God; or in atheism. Joyce, however, takes neither step, content to damn only the visible church.

It is the Church, then, that ultimately and finally extirpates man's salvation, sunders the chain of sin, grace, and redemption. With the state already eliminated, man is desolate, like Kernan and his band, alone in the middle of a jesuitic sermon and derelict in a world of ordeal. Earlier it was contended that, though the story was one of negation and defeat, there was no trace of pessimism or despair. Though it is the individual who sins (as Joyce abundantly demonstrates), it is he who can, and must, also redeem himself with God's grace. It is Power as an individual and not as a corporate social unit who receives the initial grace. Man's will is free and he can freely choose to accept or to

reject this grace. In either case, he must, as Joyce did, go it alone, forsaking all institutions, for they are spiritual enemies. It was also claimed the story as a whole is not ironic; it is not, for all the many forms by which grace appears and even its final abortion can be categorized in Catholic doctrine. Also, except for the final indictment of the Church, the story is entirely orthodox. It does not even violate the naturalistic principals of the short story: for a Catholic, these impartations of grace can and do actually happen.

Joyce, the true spiritual accountant, has examined the books of his spiritual life. His Church does not tally with his conscience.

Footnotes to Dubliner's Grace

¹Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper* (London, 1958), pp. 223-225.

²Donald Attwater (ed.), *A Catholic Dictionary* (New York, 1949).

Charles G. Herbermann (ed.) et al. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (New York, 1909).

All points of Catholic dogma treated in this paper, as well as specific tenets of the faith, are derived largely from these two works.

³Stephen J. Brown, *The Press in Ireland*, p. 36. Quoted in *Time of Apprenticeship*, Marvin Mayalaner (New York, 1958), Appendix A, p. 148

⁴Joseph McCabe, *A Candid History of the Jesuits* (New York, 1913), pp. 354-356.

⁵Marvin Mayalaner, *Time of Apprenticeship* (New York, 1958), pp. 135-137.

⁶Orchard, Don Bernard, M.A. et al. *A Catholic Commentary on Scripture* (New York, 1953).

The Window Between Winter and Spring

A heavy plate of dull grey cloud secures

The background for a dead collage. Smoke white

Mist fades into a tarnished drizzle. Night

And wind and rain distort the paper world.

A distant light, a hundred times impearled

Upon the pane are notes of overtures

To morning dew and pastel paper buds.

The scraggly limbs of iron trees uproot

A blackened sky, and warped midnight lies mute

Atop a drawing flower. Wind and rain

Give birth to singing birds and yellow grain

And swollen trees with fruits, and rushing floods

Of silver, green, and red. Now, once again

There's beauty beyond paintings of a pen.

Franklin Engel